

Augusta Lacrimans.

A
Funeral POEM
TO THE
MEMORY
OF THE
HONOURED
JOHN SEALE Esq;

*----- Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sunt hominum corpuscula. -----*

By E. Seale, City Poet.

London, Printed for the Author, 1714.

A Funeral Poem

MALCOLM L. LEROUX

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London: Printed for the Author, 1794.

A Funeral Poem, &c.

JERSEY and GUERNSET, who so near the GAUL'S
Confronted Coast, within their watty Walls,
Midst all the Rage of the long warring World,
On their safe Heads no Gallick Thunder hurld,
Have long their Halcion Habitations layd;
And dread BRITANNIA'S Sovereign Lords obey'd.
'Twas in his JERSEY, that fair Spot of Earth,
Our English SEALE first took his foreign Birth:
And tho' in that fair British Outly born,
Resolv'd his Sovereign ALBION to adorn,
Long has the fair AUGUSTA seen Him run
His active Race, her dear adopted Son.
Yes, prosp'rous INDUSTRY, SEALE in thy Chace,
An Off-spring of her own true GRESHAM Race,
His Canvas Wings had foreign Worlds long sought;
His Floating Walls from Spain's rich Bilboa fraught:
Thus in th' industrious MERCHANTS List He shind:
His own Hand wove the Wreathes his Temples crown'd.
MERCHANT!

MERCHANT! Oh, what does that great Name contain?
By Thee ev'n Empire smiles, and Monarchs reign.
Does proud *BRITANNIA* raise her Head so high!
Tis *Commerce* does her Crown's best Gems supply.
Nature her self unlocks her Veins to Thee;
And the whole World is but thy Treasury.
Whether the *Diamond* from it's Rocky Birth;
Or the Rich *Oar* from the dig'd Veins of Earth;
Or the bright *Pearl* from the div'd Ocean's Womb;
Or *Silkworm's* wondrous Spinstery from her Loom,
All twine thy Thread of Gold. This was the Smile
Of Providence that rais'd *SEALE's* wealthy Pile.
Nor wonder He had that ample Portion given;
First He *deserv'd* and then *receiv'd* from Heav'n.

And here his numerous MERITS to display,
From whence so warm a Providential Ray;
First chant his JUSTICE. Here he shin'd so bright,
Justice his whole Domestick Leading Light,
His Life's true *Card'nal* VIRTUE. That Rich Breast
Sure ev'n the whole Divine *ASTREA* blest.
So just, no clam'rous Cries e'er throng'd his Gate;
Nor did tir'd Patience at his Levee wait.

Orac'lous

Augustus Lachmann

Orac'lous his each plighted Promise spoke ;
His Word, no thin Court Cobweb, made and broke.
Right and fair *Truth*, how would their Cause prevail,
Did all Hands hold his Equitable Scale :
Not half that Noise would crowd the bustling Bar,
Nor half that Long-Robe Bulk from Strife and Jar,
So swell, like Fatning Vultures fed by *War*.

Nay for yet brighter Justice still, the more
His flowing Wealth, and his increasing Store,
The Grateful *SEALB*, with all that Affluence blest,
To thank th' Almighty Founder of the Feast,
No low bent Knee, as his Rich Blessings flow'd,
More pious Payments made t' a lending GOD.
For, oh, no Hand e'er held the Scales more ev'n
Betwixt a busy World and studied Heav'n.

As thus we saw Him such Successes heap,
All th' Harvest Pile the ploughing *Keel* can reap ;
Wonder not ne'er by Beauty Captive led,
He slept contented in a single Bed :
His Ear no Cradle Musick e'er could charm ;
Nor his cold Breast that noisy Blessing warm.

Ah no, that Life on *Business* He bestow'd,
He would not cumber with a double Load.

But *Business*, *Commerce*, now, alas, are done;
His Sayls no more their *Bilboa-Course* shall run,
Beyond the whole wide Ocean's watry Round,
Now t' a sublimer Port of GLORY bound;
Himself that Voyager, rapt up more high,
Has launcht into a wide *Eternity*;
His Mortal Sayls, alas, for ever furl'd,
The blessed *Haven* reacht in that bright World.

SEALE to our World thus lost, our Tears to pay,
The falling Dew at *VIRTUE*'s setting Day;
Shall fair *AUGUSTA* or the wider Round
Ev'n of proud *ALBION* this Nights Sorrows bound!
Ah no, this Loss more distant Griefs shall mourn.
Yes, here, my Muse, to his own *JERSET* turn.
When posting Fame, wing'd with the mournful Tale,
Shall with his Death their tender Ears assayl;
Think what joy'd Tribute their sad Eyes shall shed,
Their Darling *SEALE*, layd in his Ashes Bed,
So Honour'd Living, and how Mour'd when Dead.

Ney

Nay here, my Muse, turn to his *Chief Mourner* too;
His sad young *HEIR*, that sweet *Adoption*, view.
His *FAMILY's Honour'd HEAD* now seen no more
How must such melting *Innocence* deplore!

As such He lived, and such He dyed, now turn
Our melting Eyes and wait Him to his *Urn*.
With gazing Wonder thus his *Herse* we saw
With that Magnificence of Sorrow draw.
Lo; where a double *Infant Nurs'ry* led
First the Young Heads to honest Labour bred;
Next the fed Mouths from *Christ-Church* hallow'd Pile,
Founded by pious *EDWARD's* Royal Smile.
'Twas from this Choir of Treble Voices sung
The parting *SEALE's* last Funeral Anthem rung.
What like this Troop of Charity cou'd lend
Their Ministring Hands his dying Rites to attend;
Himself all *GOODNESS*, in his Veins there ran
The Spirit of the *Good Samaritan*.
Nay so nurs't up in *MERCY's* tenderest School;
Kind as the *Angel* at *Bethesda's* Pool.
As this Young Troop did in the Front appear,
A Train of mourning Honour fill'd the Rear.

Thus

Thus whilst this sleeping WORTHY to convey
To his Enstallment on his Throne of Clay,
Lo! Where we saw the Virgin Plumes so white,
And all the Taper Galaxy of Light,
Think whilst his sable Funeral Herse we view,
We saw ev'n his Triumphant Chariot too.
The bright *BLIJAH*'s mounting Carre before
Had his Diviner Load of Honour bore;
And his poor Herse has th' humbler Task assign'd,
To drag the coarser Earth He leaves behind:
And all our sullen Sable Weeds of Night
Are all but Foils to his *Immortal* LIGHT.
Is not his brighter Half in Joys enstall'd!
Then let his solemn Funeral Pomp be call'd.
No Rites of Death too Great. Let Tapers blaze,
Let Anthems sing, and dazled Wonder gaze;
And ev'n the Walls of crowded Temples swell:
Who makes a Coronation in a Cell!

FINIS.